

The Notre Dame Scholastic

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NO. 17.

MEMORY.

G. W.

TWIN hearts cut in an old, old tree:—
I saw and checked my stride;
I laughed, for I was young again
And she was at my side.

The day's deep thrill came back to me:
Again I carved the wood;
While near me, blushing cheerily,
My sweetheart, watching, stood.

Once more I held her tender hand;—
Her lips robust and red
I kissed again, and pledged true love
To her whom I have wed.

BUILDING AIR-CASTLES.

Harold E. McKee, '22.

MY hobby is the building of air-castles. Half of my life has been spent in constructing them, and the other half in finding my way from beneath their ruins. I have built whole cities, with castles of the purest marble, streets of the brightest gold—only to see them crumble when I approached their gates. And it is my custom never to rebuild a fallen castle. I go amongst the ruins sometimes and discover in some remote corner a beam or two which have survived the disaster. These I salvage with the hope that some day I may build with them a castle that may endure.

It was before my first knickerbockers that I built my first castle, while playing on the beach of Lake Michigan. It was of sand, a castle of the mediaeval type, with high towers and spacious courts and a wall around it. A bridge of twigs and small pieces of driftwood spanned the moat. My work finished, I retreated a few steps and looked upon this miniature castle with child-

ish satisfaction. Presently the sandy walls and towers were transformed into huge slabs of marble and granite. The soil of the gardens changed from yellow sand into the richest earth, from which grew countless flowers watered by majestic fountains. A myriad of song birds chirped in the trees and domesticated wild animals froliced on the terraces. Chivalrous knights in shining armour and mounted on thorough-bred Persians rode out of the gateway. At their belts hung gleaming swords, which they used with dexterity in punishing wrong or defending the right. At their head was the bravest knight of them all. He could ride, hunt, and fight better than any other knight of the court. No other equalled him in strength. His voice was as soft and his heart as tender as that of the gentlest maid in the land. He was the king of the knights—and in my reveries, this king was none other than myself. At this point the shout of one of my companions, who had found a live fish floundering on the beach, startled me, and I came back to earth with a jolt. My air-castle collapsed at once. All that remained was the miniature in the sand. I went to join my companion and his prosaic fish. Later, however, in poking through the ruins of my castle I found "Chivalry," which had survived the crash. This I carried away and preserved. I shall use it, I trust in constructing my last castle.

One evening I accompanied my parents to hear an orator deliver a eulogy upon the life of an old settler who had recently died. His speech inspired my imagination. The speaker was narrating the story of the old settler's life, in glowing terms, which I, to the disturbance of those around me, asked my parents to translate for me. My numerous and rather loud inquiries about the meaning of this word and that were soon

hushed by a jab of the paternal elbow. I slid down in my seat to pout. The speaker said that the old gentleman had by sheer pluck and determination risen from the position of a poor clerk to the presidency of a chain of banks scattered through the Middle-West. Here was good material with which to begin, and soon I had a formidable castle floating above the heads of the audience. This one, which I called "Success," in honor of the old settler's achievements in life, had only one entrance, and that was guarded by a heavy iron door. From within came the strains of sweet music, broken now and then by the hearty laughter and the shouting of thousands of merry-makers. Two odd-looking vines grew up the sides and over the doorway. Many persons, over-ambitious to enter this castle of success, attempted to cut these vines away and cast them aside. From the door to the main highway ran a straight and narrow path along both sides of which were beds of beautiful and fragrant flowers, tempting the seeker of success from his way. And now I clearly saw myself coming up the path. Then I stood before the door. I knocked for admittance, but the dull metallic ring of the iron as my knuckles came in contact with it, was the only reply. As I knocked again the music grew sweeter and the laughter grew merrier. Still those within ignored my demands for admittance. Growing angry, I stripped off my shirt and threw my entire weight against the door. With every lunge I tore loose some of the vines, but the door remained firm. Again and again I butted my shoulder against it, but with no effect. My shoulder was bruised and bleeding, and I was tired. I was on the verge of despair, yet I could not give up. Those vines, thought I, are a hindrance, and they would be far better out of the way; so, drawing my knife, I began to cut them down. Before I finished cutting, the eulogist had concluded his sermon and loud hand-clapping followed. Then I crashed back to earth, followed by the falling débris of the castle. While my parents were putting on their wraps I poked through the ruins. I discovered the foundation of my work almost intact. It was "Will Power." Stirring up the pile a little more, I found the vines which had grown over the door-

way, and which in my blind determination to enter the castle I would have destroyed. They were "Moral Backbone and Truthfulness." The foundation and the vines I have carefully preserved—for the construction of my final castle.

Autumn came, and with it the much detested first day of school. To the best of my recollection, I was at that time a student, or at least a member, of the sixth grade. There was on my program only one class which I in the least bit cared for. That was American History. I read absorbingly and re-read the chapters on the Revolution and the War of 1812. It seemed to me that into those few years had been crowded the land battles and the sea fights, the land heroes and the naval heroes—all the patriots and heroic deeds of a thousand years. The picturing of patriotism and heroism will invariably fire the imagination of the young, and I, being ordinarily human, was much aroused. My interest was kindled first by the Battle of Lexington, next by the bravery of Washington, and it burst into flame over the gallantry of Captain Isaac Hull, the commander, during the War of 1812, of the frigate *Constitution*. Whether it was his victories over the English men-of-war, *Guerriere* and *Java*, that enchanted me, I can not recall. Probably it was just a mere childish fancy. I do recall, however, that for weeks afterwards the old *Constitution* was to me an object of idolatry.

Whether in my home, in the home of a friend, or in company with my chums on the street my best conversation was of the brave Captain Hull and his good ship, the *Constitution*. It happened that an elderly friend, who had overheard an outburst of my childish enthusiasm about the deeds of the frigate, went, while on a trip to Philadelphia, to the shipyards, where the old *Constitution* at that time lay in dry dock, and obtained from the ship a splinter of wood and mailed it to me. It was to me a treasure indeed. I was swept back to those romantic days when the *Constitution* scoured the seas, striking terror into the hearts of the bravest English seamen. On a Sunday afternoon I would lie on the lawn and watch the white fluffy clouds float lazily across the sky. On one Sunday in particular I so completely lost myself to imagination that I saw real cannon

protruding from the walls of these clouds. But in my fancy they were no longer clouds. They were English men-of-war, and I pacing the deck of the *Constitution* was preparing to give battle. Suddenly a mighty fleet of the enemy loomed up on the horizon. Could I fight them all? Should I retreat? What would Captain Hull do, I asked, if he were here? He would fight of course, and fight would I. Waiting until the fleet had drawn up directly above me, I flew full sail and charged into their midst, letting them have my broadsides as I advanced. My batteries played havoc with them, and soon I was surrounded by a score of burning and sinking ships. Just as the English flagship struck her colors and I was preparing to board her, my dream ships were dashed to earth—it began to rain. My dream of battling for my country vanished and I scampered to the porch for shelter. Later, in a reminiscence of this battle, I stumbled upon a fragment which I thought worthy of being preserved. It was "Patriotism." I shall use it also in constructing my castle of reality.

At a certain age there steals into the heart of every American boy an impassioned yearning to travel around the world, to sail uncharted seas, to discover and explore unknown lands. This was the next notable desire of mine. The quiet, never-changing humdrum of home life had become unbearably boresome. Common play no longer appealed to me; tops and marbles were games for mollycoddles, and not for me; I hated baseball and football, because I played them so poorly; the tarts and pies my mother made, just because I was so fond of them, lost their flavor. It was evident—to me—that I had outgrown my environment and that I needed a change. Hence I decided to run away.

One morning I arose with the sun at five o'clock. At that particular season it was a common practice of the sun to rise at that hour, but not with me. On this morning, however, I was up early—on business; for I was going out into the world. After I had finished dressing, I tied up in a sheet the clothes I could not put on, wrote a note of farewell to my parents, which I pinned to the curtain, and then went down stairs. I made a hurried visit to the pantry and the

icebox, and, after stuffing myself and my pockets with the food necessary for my long journey—some angel-food cake and potted ham—I unlocked the kitchen door and stepped out into the big world.

Walking, running, and stealing rides on milk wagons, I soon reached the city limits. Here I paused long enough to take a last look, for many years, as I thought, at my old home-town. Ten or fifteen years from now, thought I, I shall be rich, and then I shall ride back on a special train to visit my folks and to snap my fingers in the face of that old miser who once stoned me from his apple orchard. Then I started on. I walked several hundred miles, it seemed, before the sun and an empty stomach indicated that it was dinner time. So I seated myself beneath a shady tree on the roadside, to dine on a large piece of badly crushed angel-food. I was saving the potted ham for supper.

Dusk found me on a strange and lonely road, thirsty, tired, hungry, and afraid. I had eaten the potted ham in the afternoon, and now my only hope for a supper was to get it from the table of some kind-hearted farmer. A mile or so ahead I saw the lights of a farm-house. With anticipations of a good warm meal, I quickened my step, but when I came within a stone's throw of the dwelling the lights suddenly went out and a few seconds later a Ford, loaded with the husbandman and his family, shot through the front gate and rattled off down the road. I stood watching the red tail-light grow smaller and smaller and felt that now my chances for a supper were poor enough. I sat down on my bundle of clothes to rest. My feet burned; every muscle ached; my throat was warped and crusted with dust, and my stomach was hopelessly empty. I felt as if I should surely die of hunger before the morning. I had a sneaking regret that I had ever left home. The wolfish howl of a dog at a distant farm chilled me with fright. The night grew blacker. Something white fluttered across the road not far away and my hair stood upright. Then it began to rain. How I wished that I were safe at home!

Fright soon gave way to fatigue, and making a pillow of the bundle of clothes, and with the chilling rain pattering upon me, I fell asleep. I lay there I know not just

how long before I was awakened by a tall man in an ulster, who was shaking me by the shoulder. It had stopped raining and the moon had come out. By its light I recognized the man as my uncle. I saw not far away the lights and heard the rhythmic purr of an automobile. Without a word, my uncle gathered me into his arms, bundle and all, and placed me in the rear seat of his car. I snuggled under the warm fur-robe—drenched, sleepy, hungry, and homesick. Despite the numerous jolts I soon fell asleep again. When I awoke I was in bed, in my own bed in my own room at home. The dawn was just breaking and the birds were chirping outside my window. On the floor lay my wet clothes in a heap and beside them a bundle. In the dim light of the early morning these appeared as the ruins of some ancient castle. They were the realistic remains of the mirage I had viewed in the skies on the morning before when I was running away. On the dresser stood a picture of my mother. What anxiety I should have caused her if my runaway had been successful. My soul filled with remorse, and I cried myself to sleep. I never again started on a trip around the world, for I found in the ruins of that castle, "Love of Home and Parents." For eight years after this experience, my imagination was dormant. The smallest beginning of an air-castle was promptly suppressed by the mere recollection of that rainy night on the dark and lonely road.

Of late my fancy has recovered somewhat and has begun to construct in the air a castle from those bits salvaged from the ruins of my childhood dreams. Upon the materializing of my castle into reality I have staked all. At dawn it appears as a mirage; during the day I see it in my reveries; it takes form again in the setting sun, and at night it floats in with my dreams. It is not a castle of the mediaeval type. Its walls are not of marble, nor are the streets of gold. It is only a simple little structure, greatly resembling the modern bungalow. It stands upon a beautifully flowered plot, called "Chivalry." Its foundation is of the common rock called "Will Power." About the door twine two sturdy vines, which blossom in all seasons. They are "Moral Backbone and Truthful-

ness." The walls are of the staunchest material, "Patriotism," and sheltering the interior from the severest storms is a roof, "Paternal Love." The peaceful, sublime atmosphere in which my new castle stands is "Love of Home." If this castle should crumble like those of my childhood, I much fear that I shall crumble with it.

MATRIMONIAL INFELICITY.

(*Characters: Husband and Wife; scene: room in an apartment house; time: 11:15 p. m.—The couple enter in street attire. The wife stands a moment in the doorway looking out).*)

WIFE.—Goodnight, Mrs. Ashley. Yes, thank you, dear, I will. Good night. (*Turning to her husband.*) Well, why don't you take your things off and act like you were going to stay a while?

HUSBAND.—Say, before we go any further let's agree not to discuss the play or anything that occurred to-night. I am sleepy and need some rest.

WIFE.—You're terribly fatigued all of a sudden. If you had any conscience, I don't see how you could rest.

HUSBAND.—Now see here, Mable, let's drop this thing at once. Can't we be alone at all without this bickering. When we're in public people would think we got along like two turtle doves—unless they should happen to see you give me one of those vicious pinches on the arm; but just as soon—

WIFE.—Yes, I suppose I am to look on and let you do as you please, without saying a word. I suppose I am to sit beside you for two hours in a theater and get as little attention from you as if I were a thousand miles away. You would have me suffer such treatment in silence and remain as meek as a lamb.

HUSBAND.—Well, didn't I—

WIFE.—Yes, you sat there for two hours gazing around at the pretty women, and giving the rest of your attention to that young Ashley widow. I'll wager you don't know what the play was about.

HUSBAND.—Would you have me wear a pair of dark glasses when I go to a show?

WIFE.—You could at least act like a mar-

ried man. Besides, you can't deny that you held Mrs. Ashley's hand all the way home in the taxi.

HUSBAND.—I most emphatically do. I did no such thing.

WIFE.—You did. Both of you held your hands back of you, thinking I wouldn't see you.

HUSBAND.—This thing is going too far. I won't—

WIFE.—It certainly is going too far. I've watched your little love affair growing from the day Mrs. Ashley came to this apartment.

HUSBAND.—I'm not going to stand this any longer. I've put up with your fault-finding for three years now, but there's a limit to my patience.

WIFE.—You don't like your little love affair talked about, do you? You're afraid of the truth, aren't you? It annoys you to know that I am acquainted with your conduct with Mrs. Ashley, doesn't it?

HUSBAND.—Mable, this is exasperating. I can't stand it any longer. Your confounded jealousy will drive me to desperation—maybe farther.

WIFE.—What do you want me to do? Would you have me go and throw myself at her feet and earnestly beg her to continue her flirtation with my husband?

HUSBAND.—Oh,—hang Mrs. Ashley and her flirtation! I'll admit that the circumstances looked a little suspicious, but you have always interpreted my actions in a bad light.

WIFE.—Ah, you admit it, do you? Oh, Mother, Mother, why did I ever marry such a man?

HUSBAND.—Enough of this. Your misguided temper has to spoil everything. If you must know, then here it is. I handed Mrs. Ashley this diamond brooch as we were going into the theater and asked her if she thought it would make a nice birthday present for you. She assured me that it would, but she had no opportunity to give it back until we were returning home in the taxi. Then, as you thought, we were holding hands, but she was merely handing the brooch back. Here's the brooch.

WIFE.—*(Taking the brooch and then throwing her arms around her husband.)* Oh, you dearest, dearest darling! *(Curtain.)*

—B. SYLVESTER, '22.

VARSAITY VERSE.

LIMERICKS.

"A certain young fellow named Ed
Decided to woo and to wed;
So he wooed and he won
A penniless one;—
She's rich now and happy:—he's dead.

A pedagogue rather pedantic
Said a fellow could drink the Atlantic,
If the water were beer
And saltless and clear;
But I think 'tis a lie quite gigantic.

—W. G. K.

MAYBE.

If mighty Caesar, lover of the fight,
Had now on Rubicon his troops amassed:
I wonder if he'd shout, "Come seven, boy,"
Or just those simple words, "The die is cast."
I hardly think he would, but yet he might.

Should Triton on his wreathed horn recite
For us today, the many tunes he has:
I wonder if he'd do the modern thing
And end his concert with some spicy jazz.
I hardly think he would, but yet he might.

If lived old Khayyam, who once took delight
In songs of nymphs, who danced on nature's rug:
I wonder if his joy would be the same
If only sparkling bevo filled his jug.
I hardly think it would, but yet it might.

If in this time of kings in anthracite,
Diogenes came seeking honest men:
I wonder if a single lantern's light
Would be enough, or would he need, say, ten?
I hardly think he would, but yet he might.

—H. MCK.

TO A BOIL.

Break, break, break,
Come my drear words constantly:
And I would that my eyes could behold
The boil that is bothering me.

O well for the fortunate chap,
Whose skin has never been hacked!
O well for the happy lad,
The nape of whose neck is intact!

The youth whom boils don't bother
May smile with his laughing eyes;
But O for a moment free from pain,
My heart incessantly sighs:

Break, break, break!
I will plead continuously
That the pest on my neck will hurry away
And never come back to me.

—M. S. R.

THE PANGS.

FORREST J. HALL, '21.

We young ones at school often speculated as to just how it had begun—that attraction between Chester and Helen. But psychology was beyond us at that time, especially the psychology of that subtle emotion which makes life so much more interesting. Deeper philosophers than we were have been puzzled by the mystery of love, even by the mystery in that primitive kind called “puppy-love.” I think that none of us had observed the beginnings of the affection between our two schoolmates. Probably the enamoured ones themselves had not been more than half-conscious of it. I first became aware of their interest in each other while we were attending school at the old St. Charles’ Academy.

It was before the days of the steam radiator, when our classrooms were heated by soft-coal stoves. It was customary for the boys to bring in a supply of coal at recreation time, while the girls swept and tidied the rooms. On one occasion Chester was delegated along with two of his friends to bring in the coal; and Helen had assumed the headship of the group of girls in charge of the inside work. The latter was hovering about the stove to see that neatness would be preserved when the boys appeared. When they came in she immediately observed that the contents of the bucket they carried consisted for the most part of slack—to which she promptly objected.

“Why, boys!” she exclaimed in a tone of reproof, “couldn’t you find anything but coal dust? Look at that, Chester! You go get some bigger coal.”

“Ah, that’s all right,” objected Chester; “there ain’t many chunks out there, anyway.”

“No, sir!”—and she was emphatic; “you go get some bigger coal. That stuff won’t burn at all.”

So Chester played the rôle of the “mere man” in leaving obediently for another load. He returned a few minutes later with two great lumps of coal which completely filled his bucket and jutted out at the front and back.

“There!” he exclaimed to Helen, with a grin of triumph; “are them big enough for you?”

He set down his burden to enjoy the laugh that followed, and Helen joined in with the rest. There and then, I think, began the affection of which I have spoken. Before that day I had scarcely suspected it; thereafter I saw now and then in the eyes of the two the understanding light that denotes an extraordinary liking.

We were all at that school for three more years, during which time this attraction, unlike most of such juvenile affairs, grew, I believe, steadily more intense. Yet it was all at long range, so to speak. The nearest approach to an active intimacy between the two was, in so far as I knew, the casual touch accidentally exchanged during childish games. I remember that when we made the skating slide on the sidewalk Chester usually “happened” to take his turn on it just behind Helen. The girl on these occasions was always a little awkward; she stumbled and had to be steadied by the friend behind her, although at other times she could flash down the slide with perfect poise. I remember, too, when one day after school Chester extracted an apple from his pocket and bashfully laid it on Helen’s desk, where she had remained a little longer than usual; I recall the quick flash of soft light that came into her eyes at this first open mark of his affection, and the delight that suffused his face at her appreciation. Our good Sister Ellenice felt that it was her duty to discourage such affairs generally, but recognizing the evident beauty and extraordinary sincerity in this case, she turned to the board, affecting not to have observed the incident, and I, the only other person present, left the room, so that they might not be embarrassed.

But these things are of long ago, and I forget other details and incidents. Besides, they are not important in comparison with the bigger things that came about later, some shortly after that time and others but recently.

Chester’s mother, a wonderfully good and intelligent woman, who was always in ill health, died, and his broken-hearted father sold his prosperous jewelry business and fled from the scene of his grief. Chester, of course, went with him. Since neither he nor Helen was old enough to think of regular correspondence, the two friends were eventually lost to each other. Soon after,

Helen's family moved elsewhere and it was some twelve years before I heard of either of them again. Meanwhile, Helen had gone to Indianapolis. There she either forgot Chester or despaired of meeting him again—I believe the latter, for I feel sure she never forgot him—and married a business man of that city.

Shortly after the war began I read in a newspaper from my home town that Chester had volunteered for the service, received a commission as captain, and had gone to France. After that I kept close watch on the papers, for Chester had been one of my best friends in our school days. My attention was well rewarded, for Chester soon achieved for himself considerable fame on the battlefield. He repeatedly received citations for bravery in action, and finally, after holding a vital sector with his company against a regiment of Germans, he was accorded the highest honors conferred by each of the allied nations. When the war was over, I read that Chester had returned to our old town, and that he was there given a welcome befitting the "conquering hero" that he was. At the series of receptions in honor of the nation's fighters he invariably received the lion's share of the honors, and many were the admiring seductive glances that came his way from the most charming damsels attending.

It happened that at this time I was in the city to which our old teacher, Sister Ellenice, had been transferred, and I hastened to tell her all I had learned. I received something of a shock, however, when she in turn imparted to me some information on the same subject.

"John," she said, producing a letter from the capacious pocket of her habit, "I received this from Chester yesterday. He asks me if I know what Helen's address is."

"By George, Sister, it looks romantic!" I exclaimed; "but Helen's married, isn't she?"

"No," replied the nun; "she was, but I learned several months ago that her husband is dead. Perhaps we'll see that old romance finished yet."

"I believe we will, Sister," I said, seriously; "for I'll never forget how downhearted Helen was after Chester left, and how she always had a sort of unconscious coldness toward all her other boy friends.

I had a leaning in her direction myself once, you know; but I never could make an impression, although she never slighted me in any way and we were always good friends."

"Yes, I remember," said Sister Ellenice thoughtfully, "and I believe you're right, John. I'm going to send him her address to-morrow."

"That's fine, Sister," I approved, and I smiled to think of the joy that would thus come to my old chum. "I'll be back in a couple of days to find out how things are."

During the next two days my mind incessantly reverted to the strange combination of circumstances that had developed, and my curiosity as to the outcome steadily increased. At the first opportunity I went again to see my old teacher. I noticed a hint of sadness in her face as she opened the door, and I began to wonder, for a mere trace of that quality in a nun indicates a great deal.

"Well, Sister, what's the news?" I asked, as cheerily as I could.

"I can't tell you as well as you can learn it from this clipping," replied Sister Ellenice.

She gave me a slip of newspaper bearing an Indianapolis headline. It read: "Death of Mrs. Helen Hillger, Née Long, in St. Joseph's Hospital—Tuberculosis combined with mental depression."

"I found that the evening you were here last," continued the Sister, "and that was what I had to tell Chester. He—"

But I rose—I confess it—I rose, ran out, and heard her no more—and I cursed myself and everyone—for in my miserable soul I had hoped that Chester might die first—that then I might win the love that I knew ever to be his!

"THE BLUE LAW."

Anyone who might have suggested twenty years ago the possibility of nation-wide prohibition of the use of intoxicating liquors would have been laughed to scorn. He would have been looked upon as one bereft of his senses, as one to be pitied. But so were the men who said that machines heavier than air could travel through the clouds; so were those who had faith in Fulton and his steamboat; so were Christopher Columbus and Galileo. Although the doctrine of Galileo, the belief of Columbus, the faith of Fulton,

and the conviction of the Wright brothers have no appreciable relation with the idea of nation-wide prohibition, they have this in common that they were all at one time considered violently visionary.

The reformer was ridiculed when he talked prohibition. His speeches and exhortations were considered the ravings of a madman. Very few regarded him seriously. He persisted, however, and as "the little wave beats admission in a thousand years," he finally achieved his purpose. How he did it, few know. What means he employed, will never be generally understood.

To-day the same reformer has given his name to another child. This infant, which at present is rather delicate, has the aesthetic name "Blue Law." We all laugh at it. Editors of humorous publications and of joke columns use the "Baby Blue Law" as the subject for their fun. They do not realize that they are thus giving this project free publicity. The reformers do not care if their pet is the object of witticisms. Henry Ford advertised his "flivver" by publishing joke books which "goofed" his car and then induced the American people to buy these books, thus defraying the expenses of advertising. The reformers and advocates of the "Blue Law" are not blind to the usefulness of this advertising medium, and as yet they have not protested against the jokes told at their expense.

If the American people do not wake up to the fact that the advocates of the league to make "virtue odious" are gaining victory after victory and are making inroads upon American liberties, they will find that the twentieth amendment to the constitution will be the "Blue Law Amendment." Can true Americans tolerate further encroachments on their liberties? Can they permit the great American Constitution, wherein is enunciated the principle 'that all men are created equal and endowed with the inalienable right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness,' to be contradicted and counteracted by this vicious amendment?

Are we to allow our very liberty, for which our forefathers gave up their lives, to be filched from us? Are we to stand peaceably by and see the torch of freedom which to-day enlightens the world summarily extinguished?

We must awake to the danger at once and

not let a lethargy steal over us which blinds us to the peril of our country. We must strike at the root of this danger. We must tear away the snaking tendrils before they encircle the throat of America and strangle freedom, the vital principle, the very soul of this great republic. The past should be a lesson to us. The future should tell a different story.

—WILLIAM A. CASTELLINI, '22.

THOUGHTS.

BY SENIORS.

Music soothes; ragtime excites.

He who never stops trying is a hero.

Good students are usually good listeners.

A fool and his private stock are soon parted.

Speech often manifests the absence of thought.

A crop of fine hair does not make a fine head.

Talk is not cheap—when a lawyer does it for you.

Jess Willard must be the original "glutton for punishment."

Precious things are hidden deep and one must dig for them.

You will sink in self-esteem as you rise in self-knowledge.

"Heaven will protect the working-girl"—but only during working hours.

You did not speak to my overalls; hence you need not speak to my dress-suit.

Why shouldn't the "perfect baby" of today become the perfect nuisance of tomorrow.

"Thirty days hath September"—like the student who acquires twelve unexcused absences.

Some students who attend the lectures in Washington Hall always laugh at the wrong time.

There are two absolute democracies: that of the Catholic Communion rail and that of youth.

The little girl who is "sweet sixteen and never been kissed" is full ready for the experience.

What is more offensive to a modern girl than to be treated with all respect by a handsome man in a taxicab?

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CHARLES P. MOONEY, '22

Where dwellest Thou? And he saith, Come and see. There is a certain season of the year when the Church prepares for penitence with a religious festival of

THE ADORATION HOUR. more than usual beauty — the Forty

Hours. These are forty miniature days, not of fasting but of peace: not of sackcloth but of joy: not of the stony road to Calvary but of the calm shade of paradise. A few days have passed since the Forty Hours of Exposition were observed at Notre Dame, but the memory is still bright and will not soon be forgotten. The assiduity of our men in keeping their watch before the Blessed Sacrament was a magnificent display of manly and voluntary devotion. There was in it nothing demonstrative or in the mildest sense worldly. Seven hundred lads came to the Church and knelt in adoration of the Mighty Friend, knelt in the stillness of prayer where the only sensible rhythm was the beating of their hearts. Through the long ages of chivalry, in the darkness of the lost crusades, young men have never pledged themselves more closely to the service of the Master. If there is a reward it must be again the mystery of that peace which the world cannot give, the peace that is girt for battle with the tribes of darkness. One beholds with confidence the progress of Catholic education as one notes

that the mind, busy with the groping of thought and the deposit of the sciences can thus be brought humbly to the footstool of an humble God.—P. S. F.

It is no longer radical and dangerous to assert that the world is sick; everybody says it. But curing the ills of society cannot be merely a matter of SAGES' SOCIETIES. picking withered leaves from an indisposed tree.

One must go out with a spade and investigate the arboreal secrets. Scholastic philosophy in a Catholic college is a means to check the poisons that flow in social roots, to seek the mistakes where they lie—in false philosophy. To do away with the notion that the doctrines of the Schoolmen are only ornaments of the classroom and text, where at best they are, but suggestions of their real value in the world outside, a St. Thomas Aquinas Philosophy Society was established many years ago at Notre Dame. That it perpetuates the works and the name of its illustrious patron is sufficient reason for its being founded and supported. But it has another purpose equally great; it supplements class work by enabling students to test in dissertation and discussion what they have gained in class, and thereby it fits them in the most logical manner to dig under the modern soil and trace social microbes to their feeding-ground of erratic thought. Scholastic philosophy is not something above the Catholic student which can be ignored at will, it is the every day kit of tools which his Catholic thought must take to work. Though it may be the least completely appreciated system outside the doors of the Church, it is the most completely developed; the Notre Dame Society is but a small part of a vast movement to reapply it to a suffering materialistic world.

Joining the Society and taking an eager interest in its work is to serve an apprenticeship that will make of you an honest and honorable journeyman on the road of life.

—C. A.

If there is any single mark by which an intelligent man is distinguished from a merely educated one, that mark is interestingness in conversation. The ir-
"LINGO, BY JINGO!" retrievable ignoramus, of course, expresses the machinations of his brain in speech as inevitable

and every bit as dusty as the couch in a Puritan parlour. There is no vocabulary of distinct and lesparate words for him—his is a symbolic coterie of phrases on the "You tell 'em" order. The simple book worm, on the other hand, usually proceeds with his talk in tortoise manner—no "pat" phrases spring readily to his lips; his tongue moves stutteringly, and the predicate finds him forgetting the nature of the subject. With his memory, too, flees the listener's interest.

He is a marked man who can talk entertainingly. His speech slips easily and fascinatingly from Montaigne to the theatre, the starving Chinese, national politics, Walt Whitman and the Patagonians, is flavored with humor and sympathy, and maintains the lucky audience in a queer perturbation through fear that the flow may end. Your true conversationalist is indeed a rare bird. But this is not because some great natural talent is needed; any pool room will furnish evidence to the contrary. It is because men are developed in ill-shaped molds. A bit of sympathy with his fellow men, an observant mind, and a taste for reading, are the only requirements of a good talker. The first alone is partly natural—the others may be developed, and the development of the second and third will create the first.

Now college men are expected to talk well, they should talk well; and unless they cultivate this art especially during college years, they are gaffing a happy opportunity. The first step is easily accomplished. A vigilant mental periscope watching above the every day, around-the-campus line, will enable one to lay a mighty firm foundation; on this a great deal of observing and reading will erect an artistic personality sans pareil—that of a pleasing talker.—V. E.

SONGS AS SUCH.

William Rogerson's recital on Saturday night exploded the ancient fallacy that concert artists must "jazz it up" in order to please an audience of N. D. men. Characteristically a college man likes a thing that is definitely something: if it is cultured, he is entertained and improved; if it is jazz, he is entertained and amused; if it be a goulash of both, he is disgusted and bored. Mr. Rogerson sang several heavy numbers, such as the "Compane

a Sera" of Caruso-Belli and Tosti's "Ideale," and sang them successfully; while everybody apparently enjoyed Mr. Huguelet's interpretation of Rachmaninoff, Chopin and Liszt. Selections such as these are invariably admired though not frequently understood. Happily the program was balanced with many charming, delightfully understandable melodies among which were two one would like to remember—"The Leprechaun" and "Thank God for a Garden." The "Salve Regina" stirred and uplifted all those who had ever invoked the aid of Heaven's Queen; for the exquisite timbre and marvellous range of Mr. Rogerson's voice brought out fully the pathetic beauty of a prayer that throughout the centuries has comforted grief-stricken, suppliant Catholic hearts.

THE GLEE CLUB

A dreamer dreamed.

He seemed to be assisting at divine service in a vast, crowded cathedral. A rose window of delicate beauty loomed in the rear of the sanctuary, and sunbeams coming through brightened for a moment that dim, gloomy interior with a soft, subdued glow. Tall tapers on the altar alone lit up continually the obscure depths within. Reverently a chancel choir sang of love, of death, of hope in the barely discernible Figure on the Cross. Before the chancel rail, a priest rapturously performed holy rites. Wondrously sweet singing intensely impressed the dreamer, yet he was strangely, depressingly conscious of being where he had not expected to be. His dream became confused—a wedding, someone singing of a thrush and evening; a funeral, the tender bugle call of taps; a sacred hymn, the ravishing perfume of incense. A loud laugh broke upon the hushed stillness. Then slowly the congregation ebbed away and the sacred edifice was emptied. The dreamer awoke.

He awoke in a daze to find himself at the debut of the Notre Dame Glee Club. Songs and hymns one expects only from a choral society had given the illusion of being where the dreamer had not expected to be. The transported ecclesiastic of his vagrant imagination was the Glee Club's energetic Director; the members themselves, the vested choir; the rose window, Harry Denny; Lenihan Lally, the tall altar tapers; and Walter O'Keefe

the loud laughter in church. (The dreamer awoke, vaguely regretting that his vision had been only a lovely dream.)

—STEVENSON

NEWMAN—'NUFF SAID.

E. M. Newman has returned from a five months' trip abroad and will begin his Travel-talk season at the University of Notre Dame on February 24. The skilled traveller has new experiences to relate and new pictures to show that will both please and surprise his many followers here. "From the Wailing Wall to the Blarney Stone" the series is called, and the five Traveltalks to be presented on the five consecutive Thursday evenings are; "Jerusalem and the Holy Land," "Damascus and Syria," "Constantinople and Turkey," "Spain" and "Ireland."

In motion pictures and color views, you will find many changes in the Holy City. The British Tommy is in possession and the Turk is banished. While journeying through the Holy Land Newman stopped at Hebron and was first in securing permission to photograph the interior of the Mosque of Machpelah. These scenes are a revelation. Damascus under the new King Feisal remains a true type of oriental city. Caravans come and go from Bagdad and Mecca as of old and all the picturesque costumes mingle on the streets. Constantinople and what remains of the Turkish Empire are as fascinating to the tourist as ever. The bridge to Pera thronged by Kurd, Greek, Turk, European, Arab and maid of the harem, produce an effect of sound, light and color like a gay bewildering kaleidoscope. Spain, lovely and romantic has changed. Although grace and beauty abound and dancing señoritas and haughty grandees are on every hand, the Spanish people are today fully alive to their great internal possibilities. Ireland though in a state of chaos while Newman was there is as hospitable and delightful as ever. Where other countries appeal to the head, Ireland appeals to the heart. Newman brings to you many scenes from Ireland's cities that will astound you, as well as charming bits of rural life. This Traveltalk will better acquaint you with the impulse towards a real nationality.

Words are like rain-drops: a shower at the right time is desirable but a deluge is worse than a drought.

MECHANICAL MIGRATIONS.

On Thursday, Friday and Saturday the Senior Mechanical Engineers accompanied by Professor Benitz, laid aside their text-books and journeyed to Gary and to Chicago to see the practical workings of the matter they have been assimilating for the past four years.

At the Illinois Steel Co. at Gary, they were received by Mr. W. P. Gleason, and his Secy. Mr. A. V. Martin. After the customary handshaking they were shown through the plant by Mr. T. J. Cordon, of the Safety and Welfare Dept. and the details of the workings of the plant were most carefully explained by Mr. Gordon. Other valuable explanations were given by F. L. Lamotte, Engineer, Blast Furnaces; E. J. Haley, Open Hearth Furnaces; T. Griffin, Asst. Supt. Rail Mill. After the survey of the plant the students were entertained at dinner as guests of Mr. Gleason.

On Friday they journeyed to Chicago where the morning was spent at the Western Electric Co. and there too they were tendered cordial treatment by Mr. J. J. Garvey of the Training Dept. and his assistants, Mr. G. Hopf and the guides, Mr. F. L. Morgan, O. O. Kruse, and D. G. Gutman. After the trip they were entertained at luncheon at which they were given a very interesting talk by Mr. Garvey in which he brought out the needs of the trained engineer in the industrial world.

At the Commonwealth Edison Plant, Mr. A. E. Gruner and Mr. J. Donahue, both Efficiency Engineers, startled the students by their working knowledge of the intricate machines in the plant, and here too as in the other plants a great amount of valuable information was obtained. The students feel they have benefited much by the trip.

* CHEZ NOUS

—The Mining Club of the University held its regular meeting Thursday evening, February 10. After a short business session, Professor Smith gave an interesting as well as instructive lecture on the qualifications which a Mining Engineer should have in his capacity as pioneer of industry and civilization.

—The greatest smoker the campus has seen took place in Carroll Hall last week when cigar puffers flooded Carroll and Brownson Rec rooms, where the bouts of the eve were held. Eddie Welsh, South Bend welter, met

Bill Mansfield for five rounds and John Riley for three in the big melee of the evening. Welsh showed pretty form, outweighing by about ten pounds Mansfield, who nevertheless fought well. Of the preliminaries the match that saw Jack Scallon, Carroll Hall speeder, exchange taps with "Kid" Ashe, Corby representative, was perhaps the best. Both were fast and fought a lively duel. Mac McTiernan and Judy Shanahan staged a bastinado-factory, and Frankie Cahill, who paired off with "Wop" Avilez, made the several hundred watchers think he was a clever mittman, while the chap from Cuba was no gentle person either. Coach Rockne reminded the resin shufflers when to break.

—The fourth meeting of the Notre Dame branch of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers was called to order on the 7th of Feb. by Pres. Miles. Fifteen members responded to roll call. Two interesting papers were read, "A Survey of the Indiana & Michigan Electric Co's System of Power Plants" by Arthur B. Butine and "The Life of Henry" by John Huether. The meeting was brief on account of a lunch, prepared by the entertainment committee, which followed the reading of the papers. It was decided that a trip will be taken to the Power Plant at Berrien Springs on the 18th of this month.

A meeting will be held Monday night February 21st and all students in the Electrical Engineering department are expected to attend.

—The conception of "The Beautiful" in the minds of the cogitative members of the St. Thomas Philosophical Society on Tuesday evening was not universally the same, with the result that there were many and lively harangues. The greatest source of disagreement among the students of St. Thomas, Aristotle, and Plato originated from some strange remarks by Edward Schmitt, whose paper was the feature of the evening, that were deemed by some as puritanical because of the derogatory manner in which Mr. Schmitt viewed that which is called by the carvers in stone, and the brushmen on canvas, "the most beautiful in art." But after Father Cunningham, and Father Miltner, and Father Hagerty, had entered the discussion and cleared the clouds from the minds of the confused arguers, plans were begun for March 7, the great day of the philosophical calendar, the day of St. Thomas Aquinas, when the members will attend Mass

in a body, listen to a sermon, enjoy an entertainment, and feast at a banquet, all arranged for them alone. Al Slaggert was made chairman of the arrangement committee which also includes James Hogan and James Fogarty.

—Two names have been added to the SCHOLASTIC editorial board—Harold McKee, Oak Park, Ill., and Aaron Huguenard, Fort Wayne, Ind., who fill vacancies left by Morris Starrett, who is now at his home in Washington, and Emmett Sweeney, who resigned to devote his entire time to other matters incidental to his graduation.

—Over in the Kable dining room on Sunday evening there were gathered the denizens of Pennsylvania, smoking great black cigars that reminded one of Pittsburgh, and of the ebony fields of anthracite and bituminous diamonds. Between puffs James L. O'Toole, business manager of the *Dome*, acted as witty toastmaster and started Rev. Patrick Hagerty in speaking on "Furthering the Friendly Relations of Pennsylvanians," Prof. Costello in lauding the "Resources of the State," Prof. Peyton in singing a bit, and the Goboon Four, stringed orchestra, to coax lively sounds from their instruments. Bill Miner, John Briley, George Slaine and John Heuther, will arrange a banquet before Easter vacation.

—A novena began at Sacred Heart Church on Tuesday and will continue until the twenty-second.

—"The Progress of American Civilization in the Philippines" was explained to those who flocked into the South Bend "Y" on Sunday afternoon. They, members and friends of the Manilla Club, a branch of the Filipino Students Federation of America, had been invited by Pio Montenegro, president of the organization at Notre Dame.

—It was not a hard matter for William A. A. Castellini to inject a mention of the Irish cause into his lecture on "Joan of Arc," at St. Patrick's on Sunday evening. Bill must talk of Ireland and any subject will afford opportunity for his natural verbosity concerning things Irish.

—Freshmen came into their own at the rejuvenation of the Press Club Tuesday Eve, for they were given full charge of the program of reconstruction. Donald Dunkle flew through a short talk on "Aerial Advertising"; "Horace Greeley" was lauded by Clifton McIntosh;

"Editorial Standards Among American Newspapers" were discussed by Charles Molz; and Frank McGinnis told of "Court Rulings of 1920" on the subject of journalism. After the forensic portion of the program there came a fiery business session in which class politics heaped on the coals. Finally a temporary entertainment committee, Harold McKee, H. W. Flannery, Frank McGinnis and Frank Wallace was selected to try to induce W. W. Dunkle, theatrical columnist of the South Bend *Tribune*, to speak on his work next Tuesday evening.

From the palatial residence of *livres anciens et modernes*, the following communication has emanated to the SCHOLASTIC:

The Library has received from the Yale University Press the following donation: United States Forestry Policy, by Prof. Ise. We are also pleased to state that Mr. F. K. Walter, Library Expert, who recently lectured to several classes at Notre Dame, on library work, has recently donated about thirty books, dealing principally with literary topics.—LIBRARIAN.

—Do you know how an advertising agency functions? If you desire information concerning this subject consult any member of the Notre Dame Advertising Club. At a meeting on the evening of February 9, Mr. Lamport, of the Lamport - McDonald Advertising Agency, South Bend, explained to the future advertisers the intricate workings of his enterprise.

—Hon. John W. Eggeman, LL. B., '00, famous track and football star, has opened law offices in the Shoaff Building, Fort Wayne, Indiana. It will be remembered that Judge Eggeman resigned as Judge of the Allen Circuit Court in 1918 to take up K. of C. War Work in France. Since his return from Europe he has spent most of his time at Lafayette, Indiana, attending to business interests there.

—When two chemists get together you can rest assured that there will be an explosion; but when the entire aggregation of Notre Dame's chemical compounders coalesce with fifteen of Indiana's past masters in the art of juggling glass tubes, be expectant of an eruption—terrific enough to jar the earth to its very bowels. Last Tuesday evening, the first explosion occurred in the form of a six o'clock dinner served by Kables in their Campus Banquet Hall. During the lull of the flesh and vegetable compounds, while the reaction artists were sipping the H₂O from their beakers, the University Club orchestra exemplified the latest jazz. After satisfying their organic

cravings the gas mixers migrated to Chemistry Hall where Arthur Vallez, with a whirlwind of oratory, laid bare the secrets of the beet sugar refining, followed by Fred Steele who bubbled forth with a demonstration of the Kastner-Kellner Process. The final offering of the evening was the eloquence of Father Burns who congratulated and complimented the yearlings for their really chemist-like enthusiasm. The committee responsible for the evening's explosions, which exploded the theory that the Notre Dame Chemist Club had long since decomposed, consisted of Harry Hoffman, Fred Glahe and Egbert Curtin.

—Prince Alberts and starched fronts or white duck trousers and blue serge coats will not adorn the Juniors when they come together some time in mid-May to promenade. At a recent meeting, replete with the spiritedness of good spirits, the Juniors decreed that the 'Prom' garb would not be that of the aristocracy. The date for the event has not been set.

—Hear ye, hear ye! The Seniors are planning to have a vaudeville, the proceeds of which will probably go, either to increase the capital for the building of Old Students' Hall, or to help swell the fund for the erection of a memorial for the Notre Dame men who died in the service.

—The Pharmacists tabbed officer's badges on Prof. R. L. Green, as honorary president; D. J. Carr, as president; Frank H. Gillis, as vice president; and Luis Bustamante, as secretary-treasurer.—FLANNERY-MCKEE.

MEN YOU REMEMBER

—William C. Henry, LL. B. '16, has commenced his duties as assistant state's attorney in the office of State's Attorney Robert E. Crowe, Chicago. "Bill" was overseas for two years and this office comes early in his legal life. It is said that he is the youngest man holding this job in the Chicago office.

—Robert Emmett Daly, '14, and Miss Florence Irwin of Rochester, N. Y., were united in matrimony on the eighth of February and will reside at the Washington Hotel in Seattle, Washington. Congratulations!

—Among the recent visitors at the University was Father Shea, '06, who with his brother wrote the song that is loved by every son of Notre Dame, the "Victory March."

—Reverend Doctor John Cavanaugh, C. S. C., who is conducting a course in public speaking at the K of C Night School in Washington, D. C., declared, in a recent article written for *The Washington Times*, that "there is probably as high an average of oratorical talent in the Senate today as there ever was in any epoch of its history." In the course of his paper, "Eloquence on the Hill," Father Cavanaugh names Senator William E. Borah as the premier orator in the Senate today. Next to him he places Senator David I. Walsh of Massachusetts, of whom it is true that "nature was good to him, and grace better." Father Cavanaugh considers the Senate at its best, to be the most impressive, the most majestic and capable deliberate body in the world. He defends it against those who characterize it as "an old man's club" with the argument that just as "the House is counted on to reflect the explosive and dynamic moods of the people, so the Senate is expected to supply the moderation, the deliberation and the conservative check on emotion or enthusiasm or passion." From his observations "on the Hill" our former President is convinced that "while newspapers have to some extent usurped the function of the orator, they can never completely take his place and the living voice will always keep alive the most bewitching and powerful of all forms of art, the art of eloquent speech."

—Fritz Slackford, hard-hitting fullback of the '16, '17, and '19 varsity football teams, has been appointed secretary of the Xenia (Ohio) Chamber of Commerce. Reports have it that Fritz is mixing with that organization much of the genuine ginger that he displayed on the football field for the Gold and Blue. We know he can do it!

—In the *Gonzaga Bulletin* we read, "Meet—Charles E. Dorais, II., born to Athletic Director and Mrs. Charles E. Dorais, January 25. He tips the scales at nine pounds. Reports have it that the youngster is a youth of athletic proclivities, after the type of his father. Coach Dorais, who has been feeling quite proud, declares that he has hopes of making an all-American quarter-back out of the lad."

—Edward Cleary, '09, who is engaged in the banking business at Momence, Ill., spent last Sunday on the campus renewing old friendships.

—HUGUENARD.

WHAT'S WHAT IN ATHLETICS

VARSITY BASKETBALL

Halas' Gold and Blue squad evened scores with the Western State Normal Quintet by handing them a 24 to 19 count in a thrilling brush at the local gym last Thursday afternoon. A marked improvement in play was noted when Halas shifted his lineup late in the first half, Kane and Logan replacing McDermott and Grant. The two squads opened up in a snappy manner which augured well for a close contest. Toward the end of the first frame, however, the locals hit a slump and in this interim, Boerman and Miller, star shots for the opposition succeeded in pushing their team to the front. The double substitution at this point aided in stemming the Normal tide and the half ended, eleven points, even. For the first ten minutes of play in the next period the Teachers were held scoreless while the local rectangle cavorters rang up seven points. With the exception of a momentary spurt by the Normalites, both teams staged a cautious, wary attack for the balance of the performance. Mehre alone gleaned seventeen points during the contest, the big center being without a peer on the court. The work of Anderson and Kiley in breaking up Normal scoring tactics was consistently good.

Notre Dame romped all over the Armour Institute Basketballers last Saturday afternoon, piling up a 59 to 15 count on the men from the Windy City. At no time during the contest was the visiting five formidable, which was somewhat of a surprise to local fans in view of the fact that Armour had demonstrated itself to be a court unit of no mean ability in former contests. Only six times did the opposition find the Gold and Blue ring for goals, the other points coming from three successful foul shots. During the last few minutes of play Armour began to stir a bit, flashing an occasional brilliant maneuver that revealed much court prowess. Logan played the game of his life at forward, tucking the ball inside the ring time after time with uncanny precision. McDermott was the veteran of old, passing, dribbling and shooting with much "savoir-faire." Garvey, Coughlin and Kane fulfilled every trust placed in them, going like the proverbial million. For Armour, Captain Schumacker, and Havlick did fairly good work.

THE GOLD AND BLUE MEET.

The Gold and Blue track meet at the gymnasium last Saturday developed two surprises most gratifying to the sponsors of field sport. Rex McBarnes, who stepped the last lap of the two-mile run like a quarter miler, seems to us a positive find who will do big things for himself and the school under the wise direction of Coach Rockne. Hogan pole-vaulted 11 1-2 feet with comparative ease and may be doing 12 feet before the season is over.

The mile run disclosed promising aspirants in Desmond, Huether and Kennedy, the latter running for the freshman class; and with the trio of Olympic stars and their colleagues performing up to standard the Notre Dame cinder squad appears a well-rounded outfit which will do its part in the desired result of making this year a distinctively Notre Dame year. The team will face its toughest assignment of the year in the local gym this evening when the track men from Illinois sport their virtual catalog of stars, but regardless of the final result, the meeting will be interesting from the first gun to the last, with the odds slightly favoring the Illini.

Final score Gold 65 1-2 Blue 65 1-2

SUMMARY:

40 yard dash. Time 4. 3-5 seconds.
1. Desch. 2. Ficks. 3. Miles. 4. Dant.
40 yard low hurdles. 5 flat.
1. Wynne. 2. Dant. 3. Kohin. 4. Mayle.
40 yard high hurdles. 5. 4-5 seconds.
1. Wynne. 2. Desch. 3. Dant. 4. Hoar.
440 yard run 53. 3-5 seconds
Ficks and Desch tied for first. 3. Colgan. 4. Hoar.
880 yard run. 2 minutes 7 sec.
Meredith and Kasper tied for first. 3. Heffernan.
Mile run. 4 min. 50 2-5 sec.
1. Huether. 2. Disney. 3. Gould. 4. Ward.
Two mile run. 10 min. 38 sec.
1. McBarnes. 2. Doran. 3. Rohrback. 4. Connel.
High jump. six ft.
1. Murphy. 2. Mulcahy. 3. Hoar. 4. Kohin.
Pole vault 11 ft. 6 in.
1. Hogan. 2. Falvey. 3. Shanahan. 4. Cameron.
Shot put 40 ft. 6 in.
1. Shaw. 2. Flynn. 3. Lieb. 4. Wynne.
Broad jump 20 ft. 11 in.
1. Wynne. 2. Hogan. 3. Brady. 4. Kohin.
3-4 Mile relay 2 min. 24 sec.
Won by Desch, Montague and Hoar for blue.
40 Yard dash Novice 5' 1-5 sec.
1. Coughlin. 2. Brady. 3. McGivern.
440 yard run Novice. 55 sec.
1. Walsh. 2. McGrath. 3. Breen.
Mile run Novice. 4 min. 46 sec.
1. Kennedy. 2. Barber. 3. O'Hara. 4. Long.

40 yard dash for football linemen 5 1-5 sec.
1. Shaw. 2. Lieb. 3. Garvey. 4. Flinn.

I-HALL—B-BALL.

The Interhall basketball games of the past few weeks have been unusually close and exciting, several of the contests requiring extra periods to determine the results. The game of last Sunday morning, in which Badin, lost to Corby, was typical of the season. The Badin aggregation tossed the greater number of field goals but lost the contest through the superior work of Maher of the Corbyites, who worked long and short, tosses through the basket meshes and brought his team home, a winner 20-17.

Sorin took a healthy wallop at the faltering Walsh quintet on its beautifully executed glide down the soapy chute. The Sorin boys have a way all their own of bringing the little oily thing called the bacon home to the subway; and whoever inferred that an old head is a wise head knew whereof he spoke.

Strengthened by the stellar work of Gilligan, Brownson added a 27-11 score to the indignities already suffered by those citizens to whom we affectionately refer as "day-dogs;" and the bitter dregs of the off-campus cup of defeat reveal the fact that this same Gilligan forsook the superior social position of a city resident for a room in Brownson.

Carroll utilized its off day in the league games by stealing off to Hammond and watching the All-Saints quint get two too many points in their game Saturday night; but these Carroll boys can't run around to smokers every night and keep on winn'g.

In the games of the coming Sunday, Carroll and Brownson will mix in the morning, Badin and Walsh and Corby and Off-Campus in the afternoon.

Standing of the teams:

Team	Won	Lost	Pct.
Corby.....	4	0	1000
Badin.....	4	1	800
Sorin.....	3	2	600
Brownson.....	2	2	500
Off-Campus.....	1	3	250
Carroll.....	1	3	250
Walsh.....	0	4	000

—SLAGGERT—WALLACE.

SAFETY VALVE.

DORMITORY DISMAY.

1. MY RADIATOR.

In the farthest corner of my room, standing upright on four legs and looking as important as Wilson thought he was, is my radiator. There it stands, always in that same spot, never moving, never absent. But why should I dwell on *that* phase of the subject?

It is just like all of the other heat distributors in Sorin Hall. It is composed of sixteen inch-and-a-half pipes, joined at the top and at the bottom by a unique method of plumbing. It also has a valve. The radiator covers about one square foot of space within my humble abode and behind it lie all the apple-cores, all the dust and dirt, all the pencil shavings, all the cigarette butts of ages. The whole of this piece of furniture is covered with a dull coat of green paint, streaked with rust. So much for its physical appearance.

Its actions? Yes! I must admit that I said that it never moved and it never does, externally, but internally 'tis a different matter. Within its many miles of piping go on some of the most violent and turbulent, as well as furious, procedures. As day breaks the radiator also starts breaking. But instead of breaking, silently and beautifully as does the day, it breaks into a jazz orchestra selection of "Il Trovatore." The pipes begin to rattle—the valve begins to whistle, the coils begin to knock and bang—all together—all in discord. Thus it breaks into my slumber at early dawn.

With all of this racket, which the square foot of stored heat makes in the morning, one would think that it would repay me for the disturbance and make the room an ideal place to start a hothouse. This is not the case. After I have risen and after the noise dies down, the heat follows suit and also crosses the "Great Divide." I then trot down to the wash-room and try to brush my teeth with frozen tooth-paste. I discovered a method of preventing my water from freezing during the night. It is by emptying the pitcher, before going to bed. This did not work with the tooth paste. I tried it, but could not get the paste back into the tube the next morning. I tried tooth powder for a while and it worked fine. One day, however, I forgot myself and used it by mistake for talcum powder. In its new capacity, it did not work so well.

But now that spring with its fair weather is almost here and the snow is going south and the robins are coming north, I shall have but little use for my noisy radiator. But as Tennyson said to Hamlet on the marge of the Lake Lebago: "With all thy faults I love thee—still."

—EMMETT F. J. BURKE.

A LATTER-DAY VALENTINE.

The salesman loved Miss Susan Fife,
And dreamed that her he'd wed;
She sliced her butter with a knife
But ne'er a word she spread.

"Oh, will you be my little wife?"

The loving salesman said;

"I'll settle you for all your life"—

She cracked him on the head.

The salesman knew the stars were rife,

He crumpled up like lead—

"When you propose to me, you beef,

Down on your knees," she said.

'Pears like Henry Ford is a gentile cynic.

IRATE PROFESSOR.—"I want you to understand that you don't come to my class to enjoy yourself, sir!"

YOUNG MAN.—"But I *do* enjoy yourself, anyhow."

From a Freshman composition: "As far as I know, there are only two negroes in our city and they live on a farm."

RIDDLE No. 643761.—When is a glee-club like an ink-bottle?—When it's full.

DORIS (*at the glee-club recital*): "That tenor must be very unpopular."

SUSAN.—"Why?"

DORIS.—"His name is Mudd."

It's never too cold to roast somebody.

Cheque books are the most popular things in American literature, even though people hate to write 'em.

HEMS AND HAWS.

"Now you must eat less fish and meat!"

Prescribed old Doctor Bright;—

I never feared; but his bill appeared

And I found that he was right.

He broke the glass in a window-sash;—

His blow was not in vain:

"'Tis charity," he said, "to free

A window of a pane."

GOAT HAIRS.

After much weighty deliberation, the University Philosophical Society decided that Poem No. 63 in the *Oxford Book of Verse* is all wrong and therefore to be frowned upon.

"Light food, I am sure, your illness will cure"

Said the doc to a man who was sick:

So his troubles to heal, he ate at each meal

An oil-soaked, cotton wick.

"This world's a stage," the poet said.

"Quite true," said some persimmon,

"But surely all the speaking parts

Are cornered up by women."